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THE YOUTH'S REALM

A CLEAN PAPER FOR THE HOME CIRCLE.

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IN SEARCH OF NEWS.

CHAPTER III.

Written for The Youth's Realm.

If the horse which Robert was riding had not been a remarkably swift animal, our newspaper correspondent would have held no chance of escape from the hot pursuit of a dozen mounted guards close in the rear. The cracking of revolvers and the shouts of the soldiers urging on their horses, frightened the animal to which Robert was clinging into a speed described as breathless. Robert with difficulty held on.

The bullets came so close to the mark that Robert heard them, now to the right, then to the left, as they whistled past his head, or but just grazed the hide of his faithful horse. Robert knew that if the horse were struck his own chances of escape were practically lost; but he trusted to the swiftness of his animal, and the uncertain aim of his pursuers, to make his escape. However, he dare not look behind him.

Finally Robert's horse outran the enemy, and there was less danger from pistol shots, although the horse and rider were still within range. All would have been well but for a precipice ahead which Robert did not perceive until it was too late to check his horse from dashing over it. Scarcely was the rider aware of his danger before he felt himself plunging headlong into the trench. He still clung to the horse but lost consciousness in the descent. His pursuers, now some distance behind, saw Robert fall, and believing it to be the result of a fatal shot, gave up the chase.

All preparations were now made for a quick march from the coast to the city of Terlo. It was but six o'clock in the morning, and it was hoped that the arrival of the army and the final occupation of the city would be accomplished before the sun was very high, and the heat too oppressive for unacclimated soldiers. Since twelve o'clock midnight the preparations had been going on, but only the officers knew, before daybreak, that it was the intention of the commanding officer to move upon Terlo without further delay. This sudden start was therefore a surprise to most of the army, when it awoke in the morning to the early drum-beat. It was the same

morning that Robert made his perilous escape from the enemy, but only to meet with another disaster by dashing from a high cliff into a bed of rocks which lay at the base of the precipice.

Twelve o'clock the night before a spy entered the camp bringing news to General Smith, the commanding officer. "I have learned much to your benefit, Sir," he said, after saluting the general. "I have made a journey to Terlo, have been through the city, and far beyond it, without meeting an enemy in uniform or discovering any signs of preparation for armed resistance, in case of an attack. The ignorance of your approach, and the total indifference of the people, surprised me greatly. It would be an easy victory indeed to pounce suddenly down upon Terlo, and plant the

American flag in the center of the town before the first shot was fired. But it is not my place to advise you, General, as to what you should do. I am here merely to report things as I find them."

General Smith was amazed at the report, and overjoyed at the prospects of an early victory, and likewise impatient to put into execution his preconceived plan of a surprise for the enemy. Little did he think that the man before him was a base liar,—a traitor to his country, who had been bribed to bear false witness, and to bring defeat upon his comrades.

"But the road to Terlo is difficult, I understand," said General Smith. "Have you discovered the best route for the army?"

The spy (who by the way was none other than the person discovered by Robert in the army headquarters of the enemy) replied readily to this question, having been instructed upon this point but a few hours before.

"There is but one practical way there," he replied, "and that is over the long rail-road bridge which crosses the marshes. The carriage roads are roundabout, narrow, and uncertain. The land is low and marshy. The rail-road bridge is the driest, safest, and shortest route there."

To travel over the rail-road bridge meant the destruction of hundreds of lives, as we have explained before, but General Smith saw fit to choose this road, not apprehending any



THE STAR SETS SAIL.

trickery from the enemy while on the march.

As soon as the spy was dismissed General Smith called the head officers together, and the result was an early march the next morning. By seven o'clock the army were within half a mile of the long bridge, underneath which the enemy had planted hundreds of powerful mines, to be exploded at the touch of a concealed wire.

The bridge was built of piles driven deep into the ground, and would hold any weight imaginable, so that it would not be necessary for a single company of soldiers to cross at a time. When the front line were nearly across almost the last company would be ready to march onto the bridge, the length was so great. Then would come the fatal moment; yet never a man imagined the danger. On marched the vast body of men, throwing up a cloud of dust along the road, yet without drum beat or report of rifle to attract the enemy.

The advance line had already stepped upon the bridge, and the men in the rear were pressing them on when the word "halt" was shouted. Up through the line rushed a young man on horseback, crying "Halt! stop! there is danger ahead!" And in a moment young Harry, covered with dust, and exhausted from his great exertion to reach the army before it was too late, rode up to General Smith with important news. The general had met Harry and his brother several times and knew Colonel Ames very well. Otherwise he would not have attached so much importance to this surprising interruption but would have kept on, thinking the act but a ruse to delay the progress of the army.

The message which Harry had received from his brother exposed the whole plot of the enemy. It had fortunately been received in time, but not a moment too soon. The result of this timely warning was that the army took a longer but safer road to Terlo, met some resistance before the town, but after an hour's fighting took possession of it, as well as the surrounding country for many miles.

When General Smith looked for the spy he found that he had disappeared. His next duty was to find Robert and thank him for his noble service to the army, and for that matter to the whole nation. A searching party found him in a secluded place outside the city, in a weak and helpless condition, beside his telegraph instruments, but no longer able to operate his line. He was badly bruised about the wrist and ankle and picked up in a half unconscious state and carried to a temporary hospital, where his wounds were dressed.

The story of his escape was told the next day, after he had recovered somewhat from his fatigue, and felt as if he were on the mend. His bruises were received by the fall over the precipice, and had it not been for the protection of the horse he would have been killed upon the rocks. As it was, the horse died. Robert crawled across the fields until he came to his telegraph station, which fortunately was not far off. Although very weak from the loss of blood and his attempt to get over the ground with as much haste as possible, he managed to send a message to his brother, exposing the plot of the enemy, and warning the army of its danger. He then sank into a deep stupor and remembered nothing more until aroused by the party sent in search of him.

In the course of time Robert fully recovered from his bruises and started back to the shore, intending to sail to the extreme eastern end of Cuba where a second expedition was expected to land. But before doing so he traveled through a heavy storm to the former headquarters of the enemy, to find the man whose horse he had taken, and pay him for the animal. The owner of the horse was a poor man who had no other treasure and was glad to receive the money.

The same day Robert and Harry boarded the Star and set sail for their new destination. Their business was urgent and they could not wait for settled weather before making the trip.

[THE END.]

THE NAMES OF FLOWERS

Pretty and Peculiar Names Given to Them and Their Origin.

The gladiolus (little sword), is so called probably from its sharp, sword-shaped leaves; and the eglantine, (diminutive of the French aiguille,) from its piercing, needle-like thorns, says a writer in St. Nicholas. Cocónut is from the Spanish coco, or bugbear, descriptive of the queer, impish little face at the base of the hairy nut. Nasturtium, which means "nose-twister," gives a picture of the person smelling the blossom and involuntarily contorting his features from the stinging and pungent odor. Pink introduces us to a group of words that at first sight seem very oddly ill-matched, for this daintily edged flower gets its name pink from the Dutch verb pinken, to pick out with a sharp instrument, as a border is pinked in notched scallops for decoration. Charming pictures are given by the "sun-dew," with its sparkling leaves; "the Daisie, or else the eye of the day," as Chaucer calls it, from its habit of opening at dawn, and the asters are the "stars" of the field.

The exquisite blue speedwell and the beckoning sprays of traveler's joy seem to fling us greetings from meadow and hedge-row. The bright little heartease preaches content, and there is a sort of moral in the rough brushwood and tangled vines (labrusca) and the kindred adjective brusque. The old word teasen meant to card wool, and hence we get both "tease," which is a rubbing up the fur in a wrong direction, to speak figuratively, and teasel, a prickly, thistle-like plant whose flower-heads, when dry, are sometimes used for raising the nap on woolen cloth.

Large Freight Cars.

The introduction of freight cars of 80,000 pounds to 110,000 pounds carrying capacity renewed the "large car" question, which is always a fruitful subject for discussion among railway officials of the operating and car departments. The 60,000-pound car which has been practically the standard, dates back only to 1885. In 1875 the normal capacity was from 20,000 to 25,000 pounds, and in 1885 this normal capacity had grown to 40,000 and 50,000. In that year a committee of the Master Car Builders' Association made a report recommending certain standard dimensions for 60,000-pound cars, but such cars were then quite exceptional.

Few cars of less than 60,000 pounds capacity are now built for ordinary freight service, but on the other hand there is a decided tendency to increase the capacity to 70,000 and 80,000 pounds. Even this is not the limit, however, for several hundred steel cars of 100,000 pounds, and even 110,000 pounds capacity, are in service.

The Whitehead Torpedo.

The Whitehead torpedo, of which so much is heard, is 16 feet 5 inches long, 17.7 inches greatest diameter, and weighs ready for service, 1,160 pounds. It carries 220 pounds of wet gun-cotton at a speed of about 28 knots

per hour, and at that speed it has a range of about 850 yards. This torpedo is built of steel and is propelled by two two-bladed screws, revolving in opposite directions on the same axis, to neutralize the rolling tendency of the torpedo. The screws are operated by a three-cylinder engine driven by air compressed to 1,350 pounds per square inch; and an intricate apparatus, called the Obry gear, is used to automatically keep the torpedo pointed straight during the run. This Obry gear is essentially a gyroscope controlling the valves of the steering engine, which operates two rigidly connected vertical rudders.

Copper Supply of Newfoundland.

The copper supply of Newfoundland is said to be practically inexhaustible. The island is now the sixth copper producing country in the world. This industry was first established in Newfoundland in 1864, when Tilt Cove began to occupy the attention of capitalists. During recent years very satisfactory results have been achieved in that district. These mines produced last year over seventy thousand tons of ore at a profit of more than \$115,000. The records for 1896 are somewhat incomplete, but they show an export from Newfoundland of 460,311 tons of copper ore, 50,730 tons of regulus, and 5,240 of ingots, valued at about \$11,500,000. It is estimated that the country has produced fifty thousand tons of fine copper, worth fifteen million dollars, the greater part of this being turned out during the past twenty-five years.

Ancient Marble Quarries.

The ancient marble quarries in Synnada are again being worked. The quarries are situated some 20 kilometers from Karahissar, and the marbles, called Phrygian, Mygdonians or Docimian, were in ancient Rome regarded as emblems of luxury and wealth. Many sorts are found, namely, white statuary marble of a remarkably fine grain; a transparent marble similar to onyx and also yellow, blue and gray marbles, all very fine.

New Swedish Railway

Both houses of the Swedish Riksdag have adopted in principle the Government bill for the construction of a railway from Gillwara to the Northern frontier. Sweden, as well as Norway, has to a great extent been neglected by our manufacturers, although they would offer a very valuable outlet for most of our manufactured goods.

He—This is the last time I will ever ask you to marry me.

She—Do you swear it, Rudolph?

He—I swear it by all I hold sacred.

She—Then I accept.

He Surprised the Queen.

Sir Walter Raleigh made a wager with the queen that he could weigh the smoke from his tobacco pipe. He weighed the tobacco before smoking and the ashes afterwards. When Elizabeth paid the wager she said: "I have seen many a man turn his gold into smoke, but you are the first who has turned his smoke into gold."

VASA AND THE BEAR.

A Child's Adventure in the Days of the Early Settlers.

Northwestern Pennsylvania was a dense forest at the time of which I write, says Ida Kays. There were no railroads, towns, churches, schools or pretty houses as there are now, yet there were houses even in those wild woods—a house and a stable built of trees which the settler's ax had felled, a little lot fenced by rails from more trees, where among sprouting stumps the first garden was raised, and thus a home began. Year by year the clearing was enlarged, and corn, wheat and oats were added to the garden truck. Roads were made through the woods to other clearings, and the homes grew into neighborhoods.

In one of those early homes lived a little boy with an odd little name that had been borrowed from a royal hero of Swedish history. Vasa's first recollection was the log house home and the dark woods which surrounded the home clearing. He played about the stumps and piles of brush and by the high rail fence that skirted the woods, but he never ventured farther. He knew that wild beasts were among those trees—beasts that killed and ate the pigs and chickens and sheep and calves sometimes. Why not a boy? Once he had seen a bear and thought he should have been scared to death if his father had not been along. As it was, he could not forget his fright at the great ugly brute that glared and growled at them before it walked away.

As the clearings grew and neighbors became more plenty the wild animals went farther back into the woods and were but little feared.

One day when Vasa was just 14 years old his mother wished very much to cut a garment, and the shears were at her mother's, nearly a mile away.

"Let me go and get them," said the boy. Thinking no harm could befall him in the now fenced road, the mother gave consent.

The little fellow set off proudly on his first errand as happy as the birds that sang in the trees and fearless as the chipmunk on the fence, with which he ran a merry race.

He was half way to grandma's when a crackling noise on the opposite side of the road startled him. He turned, and his eyes distended with fear as they rested upon the form of a real bear, sitting under a hickory tree cracking and eating nuts.

How terrible it did look to the frightened child, as he stood gazing at it and wondering how he should ever pass that formidable obstacle.

A hero, like his illustrious namesake, he never thought of shirking duty and going back.

He did not dare go straight ahead, for surely then that awful bear would see and catch him, but without a bit of noise he climbed the fence where the saucy squirrel was waiting another race and stole among the trees. The race was with the bear, all unconscious of the fact until the boy was

climbing the fence into the road once more. Then bruin saw him. The nuts dropped from his big paws, and the awkward brute began to gather himself up and prepare for action.

Our little hero slipped off the fence and flew for grandma's as fast as two little fat legs could carry him. He never screamed or cried. All his breath was needed for the race—and he won.

How far the bear ran or in what direction no one ever knew. He was gone when Uncle David came back with Vasa and the shears, though traces of his visit were plainly visible.

Threescore years and ten have passed since those early days of humble homes, wild woods and savage beasts, but Vasa still tells—to his grandchildren—his adventure with that awful, awful bear.

A FISH THAT FISHES.

The Fishing Frog and the Manner in Which He Secures Food.

"Would you think, Tommy, that a fish would be cruel enough to fish for other fishes?"

"Why not, mother, he has got to make a living?"

"But why does he not catch worms and bugs and snails and live on seaweeds, instead of catching little fishes?"

"How does he catch them, mother, and what is his name? I never heard of such a fish."

"One thing at a time. There are many things, Tommy, that you know now, that you did not know a year ago. It is a very silly thing to say, as many girls and boys do, when they are told anything, 'I never heard of that before!' Why should they have heard of it? If they don't inquire and read, and use their eyes, how are they to learn anything they did not learn before."

"Yes, mother, but do not many fish catch and devour other fish?"

"Yes, Tommy, but this fish that I was about to tell you of, is a fisherman, and does not chase fishes, but catches them as you do."

"What, does he go out with a fish-pole, and an angleworm to fish?"

"Pretty nearly! He is called the Lophius or Fishing Frog, or by some the Frog Fish. It is a sea-fish, which is shaped like a bull head, or catfish, and sometimes grows to the length of two feet, but its head is more than half the length of the fish. Its broad mouth is armed with sharp, curved teeth, and it catches its food in a very curious way. It will settle down at the bottom of the sea, where the water is shallow, and lie in wait with its mouth wide open. On the front of its head are antennae, or 'horns,' I suppose you would call them, being long flexible spikes, shaped like a whip, which end in a silvery ornament like the cracker on the whip. Then, as he lies there, almost invisible in the mud, he sees with his half shut eyes, a small fish come playing along, like a boy going to school and looking in the windows to find goodies."

"Mama, does he go to a school of

fishes?"

"Tommy, you must listen; when the little fish sees this silvery bait dangling in the water, he thinks it must be something good to eat, and says to himself, 'O here is a chance to get my dinner cheaply.' So he plays about it awhile, as the Lophius or 'loafer,' as we had better call him, watches the little fellow through half-shut eyes. Then the little fish rushes at the bait, and tries to swallow it, when Frog Fish jumps forward and catches the little fish in his big mouth, and devours him, while the mud stirred up at the bottom spreads in a yellow cloud through the water and hides the murder."

SPANISH STORY OF MANILA.

Admiral Montojo's Account of His Defeat by Dewey.

The Hong Kong Papers contained interesting matter in regard to the battle of Manila, which was not sent by cable. It seems that the Spanish were intensely disgusted that Admiral Dewey should not have given formal warning that he was going to enter Manila harbor and that he should have entered it by the broad channel instead of by the narrow channel, which had been mined. The few shots which Admiral Dewey's ships fired at the Corregidor forts on the night they entered the harbor killed forty-two men, although the only target the American gunners had were the flashes of the Spanish cannon.

The correspondent of the Hong Kong China Mail, who went to Manila on the British steamer Esmeralda, arrived on the day after the battle. On May 3 he had an interview with the Spanish Admiral, Montojo, and obtained his version of the battle. It contains some novel and interesting facts. The correspondent describes the Admiral as "an old man about 65 years of age, slight in stature, and in appearance everything but warlike. He realized my ideal of an old Spanish grandee, was cordiality itself, and talked with frankness of Sunday's conflict." Admiral Montojo said his intention was to go to Subig Bay and fortify it, but he found that it would require at least a month. So after spending a week there he returned to Manila on April 30. Had Dewey started one day earlier he would thus have caught the Spanish fleet outside Manila harbor.

Admiral Montojo said he had requisitioned Madrid for ships and torpedoes, but had received neither, so he laid the blame of his defeat on the Spanish Government. In describing the fight Admiral Montojo said:

"The Reina Cristina and Don Juan d'Austria, as you know, were old cruisers; the Castella was a wooden cruiser, but was unable to steam owing to the breaking down of her engines. The Don Antonio d'Ulloa and the Velasco were helpless and were undergoing repairs off the arsenal. The Olympia, Baltimore, Raleigh and Boston engaged my flagship in turn about 5.30, attracted by my flag. I recognized the necessity of getting under way and slipped both anchors, ordering the other ships to follow my example. Al-

though we recognized the hopelessness of fighting the American ships we were busy returning their fire. The Reina Cristina was hit repeatedly.

"Shortly after 6:30 I observed fire on my ship forward and our steering gear was damaged, rendering the vessel unmanageable. We were subjected to a terrific hail of shell and shot. The engines were struck and we estimated we had seventy hits about our hull and superstructure. The boilers were not hit, but the pipe to the condenser was destroyed. A few moments later I observed that the after part of the ship was on fire. A shell from an American ship had penetrated and burst with deadly effect, killing many of our men. My Flag Lieutenant said to me:

"The ship is in flames. It is impossible to stay on the Cristina any longer."

"He signalled to the gunboat Isia de Cuba and I and my staff were transferred to her and my flag was hoisted. Before leaving the Cristina my flag was hauled down. My flagship was now one mass of flames. I ordered away all boats I could to save the crew. Many of the men jumped overboard without clothing and succeeded in reaching shore, several hundred yards away. Only a few men were drowned, the majority being picked up by the boats.

"Before jumping overboard Capt. Cadarse's son, a Lieutenant on board the Cristina, saw his father alive on deck, but others say that as the Captain was about to leave a shell burst over the ship and killed him. We estimate that 52 men were killed on board the Cristina and about 150 wounded. The chaplain was killed and the assistant physician, the chief engineer and three officers were wounded. The boatswain and chief gunner were both killed. In the Castilla only about 15 men were killed, but there were many wounded both on the Castilla and the Don Juan d'Austria, on which 13 men were killed. Altogether, so far as we know at present, 400 men were killed and wounded on our ships.

"As soon as I translated myself from the Reina Cristina to the Isla de Cuba, all the American shots were directed upon the Isla de Cuba, following my flag. We sought shelter behind the pier at Cavite, and, recognizing the futility of fighting more, I prepared to disembark, and gave orders for the evacuation of the remainder of the ships. The Castilla had been on fire from end to end for some time, and was of course, already abandoned. The Ulloa was also burning. My last signal to the captains of all the vessels was 'Scuttle and abandon your ships.'"

He said: "The Captain of the Boston said to my chief of staff, Capt. Boado, 'You have combatted with us four very bad ships, not warships. There was never seen braver fighting under such unequal conditions. It is a great pity you exposed your lives in vessels not fit for fighting.' Commodore Dewey also sent me a message by the English consul yesterday, saying that, peace or war, he would have great pleasure in clasping me by the hand and congratulating me on the gallant manner in which we fought."

WEALTH IN MINE DEBRIS.

Old Prospector Makes a Fortune Out of the "Tailings."

There are some men in this world who have to toil for a mere apology of a living—and then there are others. One of these latter is Mr. Luce, of the Cargo Muchacho. Luce's experience reads like a romance. For twenty years he had knocked about the coast, on the desert, in the mountains, prospecting and mining, and had finally, by hard work and the closest economy, managed to scrape together a few hundred dollars.

One day on the shores of the Colorado some twenty miles north of Yuma, he met an old Mexican, who told him of a deserted mine some ten miles back from the river and seven miles north of Hedges. Luce's interest was aroused, and he visited that mine, to find there an abandoned twenty-stamp mill which had pounded away for many years and finally shut down.

Luce examined the property and discovered that there was a small mountain of tailings, the accumulation of years, piled up behind the mill. He tested these tailings with cyanide. Then he measured the pile roughly and estimated there was over 100,000 tons of the stuff there. That night he wrote to the president of the company in New York City offering ten cents per ton for the tailings on a basis of 100,000 tons. The president read the letter, looked surprised, and called the directors together. They read the letter, looked wise, tapped their foreheads significantly and laughed to each other.

"This poor fellow Luce should be called 'goose,'" said one.

"Desert's proved too much for him—probably gone daft," observed another.

Not one of them thought these tailings were worth anything, and they had almost entirely forgotten that old mine out on the Colorado desert. But they answered the letter, telling Luce to go ahead.

On receipt of the letter Luce immediately erected a cyanide plant, costing him about \$100 of his own and his friends' money. Then he hired fifteen Mexicans and Indians and began work on these tailings. One day some representatives of the mine company were returning from San Francisco, and passing through the desert, they thought they would visit the mine.

"How are you?" said Luce. "Glad to see you. By the way, we might as well fix up our little accounts now as at any time," and so saying he threw the astonished Gothamites a check for \$10,000. Then he explained that in the nine months he had been running the cyanide plant he had cleaned up \$45,000, and that there was plenty of tailing in sight to net him \$200,000 within three years.

Words of Sir Walter Besant.

Sir Walter Besant, writing in the London Queen, says:

"A Spanish lady has written to the editor of the paper concerning certain remarks of mine about the sympathies of the English race. I am very sorry that any words of mine should have

given offense to any Spaniard. History, however, cannot be set aside out of politeness. The Spanish nation has always shown many great and noble qualities; never at any time have they failed to command the respect of their enemies; but we cannot help remembering that they were our enemies from the middle of the Sixteenth to the beginning of the Nineteenth Century; we stood for freedom of thought; they stood for authority; we stood for the liberty of the people; they stood for despotism. To recall these facts, and all that they mean, ought not to offend anyone. I take off my hat with the greatest respect to the Spaniard. 'Sir, you are a gentleman by birth and long descent; you are also a gentleman by breeding; you are a gentleman of courage tried and proved, and of patriotism undoubted; you are like Don Quixote for honor and for courtesy. But, sir, you do not think as we do; and in the present crisis our sympathies are naturally with the people who do think as we do.'"

Need of Covering During Sleep.

The reason it is necessary to be well covered while sleeping is that when the body lies down it is the intention of nature that it should rest, and the heart especially should be relieved of its regular work temporarily. So that organ makes ten strokes a minute less than when the body is in an upright position. This means 600 strokes in sixty minutes. Therefore, in the eight hours that a man usually spends in taking his night's rest, the heart is saved nearly 5,000 strokes. As it pumps six ounces of blood with each stroke it lifts 30,000 ounces less of blood in this night's session than it would during the day, when a man is usually in an upright position. Now, the body is dependent for its warmth on the vigor of the circulation, and as the blood flows so much more slowly through the veins when one is lying down, the warmth lost in the reduced circulation is supplied by extra coverings.

A New Patent Cork.

A German patent has recently been granted for making corks fit tighter. The surface of the cork—that is the broad, ring surface which comes in contact with the glass—is burnt in such a manner, or treated with a corrosive, that in place of the smooth, plush-like surface, such of a rough appearance is obtained. The complete tightening is brought about by increasing the adhesion to the glass.

A French firm has announced that it has devised an apparatus by which a single bicycle may be run at a speed of thirty miles an hour, and a tandem

When the Cows Came Home.

Going after the cows was an errand regularly assigned Dolly and Dick during the summer months. At first they were impatient for the hour to come when the big red ball of the sun would drop behind the tops of the orchard trees that they might start for the pasture where Buttercup and her pretty fawn-colored calf, Dairy Maid, cropped

the juicy clover all day long.

What great fun it was to chase each other down the lane through the deep clover to the bars where Buttercup waited, placidly chewing her cud. How ready she was to rub her cool, black nose into their outstretched hands, as if to say:

"Good evening, Dolly and Dick, have you a nice tidbit of salt with you? I'm ready to be taken home to the milking-stable."

After Dick lowered the pasture bars Dairy Maid would always politely stand aside to allow Buttercup to pass out first. Then as soon as Dick had put up the bars he would give a low whistle, at which Dairy Maid would prick up her pretty ears and start on a run down the lane, with Dick following close beside her. Most times Dairy Maid would win in the race to see who could get to the road first. Then she would turn around and come back to meet Dolly, holding out her head to be stroked.

This all seemed the very best part of the whole day until the long, long days of midsummer came, when Dick became absorbed in fishing down by the brook. It always seemed that the fish began to bite just as the sun went down, and he must scamper away to help Dolly bring in the cows. And Dolly sometimes thought it just too bad to have to leave the cunning playhouse she was building for her dolls down under the old quince-tree.

One hot July afternoon the playtime hour seemed shorter than ever. The cool shade at the brook and under the old quince-tree was so pleasant and hard to leave that Dolly and Dick did not set out until the red light was dying out of the sky. Away they ran at full speed, with hardly time to go and come while it was light.

But some perverse thought came to both to try a short cut through Neighbor Shank's fresh mown meadow, that they might have a slide down the newly made hay-cocks, though something whispered to them that this was directly against their father's command.

Soon Buttercup and the on-coming dark were entirely forgotten in the good times they were having trying to see who could climb up first after a quick slide down the haycock and a tumble into the masses of fragrant hay beneath. But one time when Dolly failed to climb back up after Dick, she noticed it was so dark that she could hardly see her brother on top of the hay—and over where the pasture bars should be it was all dark night.

Thoroughly frightened, she ran with all her might in the direction of the pasture, with Dick following her at full speed, while away off somewhere they heard Buttercup moaning dolefully. The stubble cut Dolly's bare feet, and she thought with a lump in her throat what would mother say when they got home. And maybe they might not get back home. Then her throat hurt dreadfully, far worse than her feet, and she could not keep the tears back.

All of a sudden Dick gave a howl of pain and danced around frantically. Dolly ran back to find out what was the matter, and she, too, began to scream with pain. They had stumbled upon a nest of bumblebees. After that all else was forgotten but to escape their tormentors. Away they ran with all their might, with the bees buzzing angrily about their ears, and

did not stop until the fast bee had given up the chase. They sank down beside a haycock so exhausted that they hardly realized where they were.

It had grown very dark and a chilling mist was settling down. Dolly felt around to where Dick was and crept closer to him. Oh, how their feet hurt, and Dick's head felt as big as a bushel right over the temple where a bee had stung him. Dolly did not feel the pain of her torn feet and stung hands so much as the hurt in her throat when she thought how they were lost in the dark night.

"Oh, Dick," she sobbed, "if we had only gone as we were told, we'd been home by this time eating custard for supper, but now we'll never"—and she could not finish for the choking sobs, in which Dick joined.

Poor, tired, naughty children; some way, they never remembered how, they fell fast asleep—and the first thing Dolly knew was a bright light flashing into her eyes and blinding her. Papa was bending over them with a lantern in his hand and calling to somebody, "Here they are!"

It was a week before Dolly could put on her shoes and play out under the quince-tree, and Dick wore a bandage over his eye even longer. The first time they went again to bring Buttercup from the pasture she would not tick Dolly's pink palm when she held out her hand.

I wonder why.

To Save Trees of Stone.

An effort is to be made to place under the protection of the government one of the most remarkable natural curiosities of the world. It is the petrified forest of Apache county, Arizona. The wonderful stone trees cover a large tract of land near the town of Holbrook, where they lie partially embedded in the soil and rock and hide hearts of most beautiful decorative stone under exteriors that have become rough and gray from exposure and the wear of the elements.

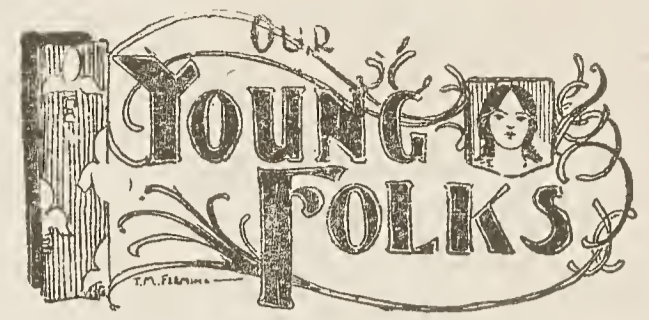
The great logs of stone, which were at one time foliage-bearing trees, have become like agate through a process which probably took thousands of years and by which every particle of the wood fiber was chemically replaced by silica, which preserved in stone the original hues of the decayed wood. This formation takes a high polish and is much sought after for decorative purposes. Some of the petrified trunks are several feet in diameter—so large in fact, that table tops have been made of single slabs.

It is now proposed that the forest be made a national reserve or park in order that it may not be depleted by stone dealers and curio merchants.

A Dead Leaf Observation.

Next time you are out in the park look closely at the dead leaves blowing about on the ground. You will find that most of them have their lower sides uppermost. Can you think of a reason for this?

When a leaf is mature and almost ready to fall, it curls up just a little at the edges. When it falls, the first breeze catches these margins and turns the leaf lower side uppermost, and there it remains, because in this position the wind has less opportunity to disturb it.



HUNTING THE FAIRIES.

I've hunted the fairies the whole day long,

In wood and valley and brook;
I've listened to hear the hulder-song,
And the Erl-king pass where the alders shook;

But I never saw even a troll or a fay,
Or a naughty elf that had lost his way,
Though I hunted the livelong day.

Perhaps it was only the wind that stirred

The rustling leaves and the grass;
Perhaps it was only the song of a bird

That called to me as I tried to pass
The tangled path where the branches meet;

But it seemed like the tripping of fairy feet,
And elf songs, silvery sweet.

And so I hurried and came at last
Out on an open space

To the brook that rushes and babbles past;

And there I caught a glimpse of a face.

So I clambered in haste on a rocky shelf,

And looked in the waves again for the elf;

But the face was only myself.

I think it is funny that boys like me

Can't find where the fairies go;
And I really think I would like to be

A boy with the boys of the long ago;
When all the wonderful tales came true,

The magic lamp and the little glass shoe,

And the awful bug-a-boo.

But though they could fly to the moon and stars

When the fairies gave them wings,
They hadn't the train nor electric cars,

Nor Christmas and lots of other things;

And so I guess it is better here,
And I think I'll stay at least this year,

A Rising Photographer.

"What you doin' out wid dat camerer to-day, 'Rastus?"

"I been photergrafin, mammy, o' course."

"Whah you been?"

"Down back of Mr. Simmons' chicken coop."

"Take anything?"

"Jes' a pa'r o' pullets. I lef' 'em in de kitchen."

Try, and Prove It.

If you love others, they will love you. If you speak kindly to them, they will speak kindly to you. Love is repaid with love and hatred with hatred. Would you hear a sweet and pleasing echo, speak sweetly and pleasantly yourself.

**THE
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An Illustrated Monthly
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Young and Old.

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MAKING ARMOR.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATE PLANT AT HOMESTEAD.

**The Severe Tests Imposed—The Immense
Amount of Work Required to Produce a
Single Plate—The Tremendous Pressure
Brought to Bear to Shape Them.**

Owing to the interest manifested throughout the United States in our national defences, there has been a general desire to learn the resources of the Carnegie Steel Company in the matter of supplying armor plate. A gentleman who has spent several years in the employ of that company, and who is thoroughly acquainted with the processes involved in the manufacture of armor at Homestead, Penn., gave a complete account of the various processes of the work of manufacture.

"First of all," said he, "the armor plant at Homestead is made up of the armor rolling mill, press and machine shops, and Harveyizing departments. The rolling mill does not differ materially from other mills except that the machinery employed is excessively heavy. The press shop, where the monster plates are shaped to the lines of the vessel for which they are intended, offers many features of interest. Here may be found the gigantic press, capable of developing over 100 tons pressure to the inch. Then there are the huge reheating furnaces and the oil tank for tempering.

A novel feature about the furnaces is the movable beds, or floors. This arrangement was made necessary because of the great weight of the plates, the plan being to draw the bed to the outside of the furnace, so that a crane may be readily used, as the armor is much too cumbersome to be drawn in the ordinary manner. The liquid contained in the oil tank is a mixture

of crude petroleum, fish oil and rosin, fish oil predominating. When a plate is ready to be tempered it is placed in one of the furnaces and submitted to a severe heat, the size of the plate determining the degree of heat and the length of time required. Meanwhile the oil has cooled to a temperature of 90 to 100 degrees, it being usually much above that owing to frequent use. The plate is then drawn from the furnace and submerged in the tank to a depth of six or eight feet, where it is supposed to remain until the oil has thoroughly cooled. It is then replaced in the furnace and annealed, after which it is placed in a pit and covered with cinders, thus allowing the heat to radiate uniformly."

The informant continued: "The armor, assuming it to be a ten-inch plate, the thickness of the shield and conning tower plates of the Oregon and sister ships, is supposed to remain in the cinder pit forty-eight to sixty hours. It is then ready for the final physical test, which is made to determine the tensile strength. Should the plate pass the required test, it is then machined and fitted with bolts, or keys, ready to be fastened to that part of the vessel for which it is intended, the shaping of the plate having been attended to before the tempering. It is in this hardening process that all armor plate makers experience much difficulty, the curved plates showing a decided tendency to warp from their peculiar shapes when subjected to severe heat.

"The Harvey process, about which so much has been said, is a complicated method of carbonizing the surface of a plate to the depth of three or four inches. Silica sand, slack and a clay mixture are spread over the plate, after which it undergoes an intense heat, and is finally allowed to cool off in the furnace. A Harveyized plate is regarded by armor experts as much superior to one that is oil tempered, because of its greater density and consequential resistance."

The time consumed in the manufacture of an ordinary armor plate is from three to six weeks, but it should be borne in mind that there are always several in various stages of completion at one time. Once work is begun and the chain set in motion, about 300 tons of armor can be completed monthly. This does not seem like a large amount, considering that one plate sometimes weighs 50,000 pounds. Before a plate is regarded as finished all the necessary nuts and bolts to fasten it in place must be completed and ready to be shipped with it.

When a group of plates is finished, one of the number is selected by a member of the Ordnance Bureau to be forwarded to the Government proving grounds at Indian Head, there to be submitted to the final test for ballistic resistance by the naval experts. Should the selected plate meet the requirements of the test the entire group is passed. If the selected plate fails to stand the test, permission is obtained, if possible, to test a second, and, if needed, a third plate. If both the latter plates fail to stand the test the

group they represent is rejected. On the other hand, if either one passes the group is accepted by the Government.

Scotland's Strange Birds.

From the small island of St. Kilda, off Scotland, 20,000 young gannets and an immense number of eggs are annually collected, and although this bird lays only one egg per annum and is four years in obtaining its maturity its numbers do not diminish. Obviously such birds must reach a great age or they would long ago have been exterminated.

Queen Victoria's Fire Extinguisher.

Whenever Queen Victoria goes abroad she always has a couple of fire extinguishers sent out in advance and fitted up in the house she is to reside in.

GIRLS, DON'T USE SLANG.

It Shows a Lack of Intellect and is Unpleasant to Hear.

I have often had to blush to hear girls use slang, or at least attempt to, catching up the bye-words of the street, and using them as if they were the familiar speech of home. It shows first, that the person is not accomplished in speech, and has a limited range of words, which does her no credit. The use of right words comes from the association with other minds, either in books or in society or home. A girl's mind can be judged by her choice of words, and that choice is influenced by her associates largely. But the great and overwhelming reason for the girl's not using slang is, that often, perhaps one should say generally, slang originates in some anecdote, oftentimes exceedingly vulgar, and of evil intent. I have heard girls use slang phrases, that if a stranger heard, he would conclude that they were familiar with obscene and vile stories, so vile that gentlemen would not repeat them to each other. Yet they had heard men use these expressions, and had used them themselves, entirely unconscious of their meaning. They would have shrunk back with horror from the use of such words, if they had known in what they originated. The language of concert halls, saloons and low resorts, of the vilest places oftentimes filters into the public speech, and is taken up by the press, and girls are apt to adopt these expressions, when, if they knew the origin of them, they would not for the world make use of them. Good, clean, clear, wholesome English, as musical as Irving and Goldsmith and Addison could write, is the proper language of girls, and whenever they use slang to brighten language with, they tread on dangerous ground. I once heard a pretty girl, as good as she was pretty, use some slang phrases, very much in vogue with certain people, at that time. After she had stepped aside, a young man said to another: "Is it possible that she has the slightest comprehension of the origin of the words she has been using?" The other said: "I know she has not, she is a clean-minded girl, and will be shock-

ed if she were told that she was using the familiar talk of places of low resort." Suppose there had been no kind friend to thus apologize for her. Girls, don't use slang.

Kidnapping Chinese Women.

Reports from San Francisco say that respectable citizens of the Chinese quarter are greatly alarmed over the wholesale kidnapping of Chinese women. Lately eight have been stolen and taken out of the city. The Chinese Consul went to Police Headquarters and asked the aid of Chief Lus in apprehending the kidnapers, and a reward of \$1,000 is to be offered for the arrest of each one. According to Chief Lus's story, several highbinders have banded together for the purpose of supplying the Chinese in other portions of the State with female slaves.

It is reported that they receive \$200 for each woman thus disposed of.

THEY STORE UP FOOD.

The Chipmunk and the Weasel Are Very Busy Housekeepers.

Have you ever seen the weasel carry his winter food to his den? If you meet him in the woods, says a lover of animals, watch him at work. No one could be more methodical. He brings his food to the entrance of his home and suddenly pops into the round hole in the ground that serves him as a doorway. Whatever food he may have brought he will lay it near his door, go in, turn around and then reach out to drag in the dainty after him.

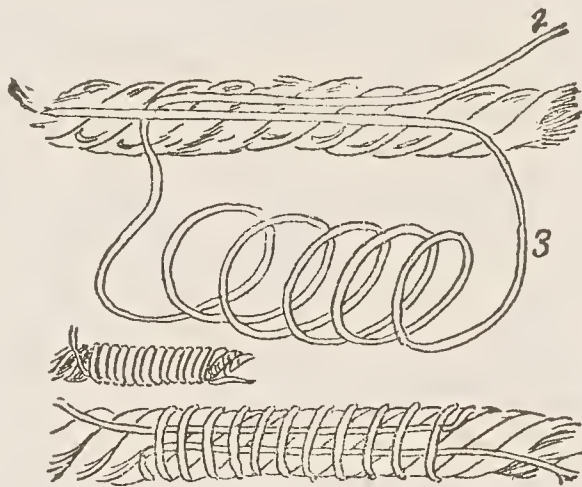
The chipmunk is another busy housekeeper. He works on much the same plan as the weasel, and to and fro he will hasten on the still days of October, seeming to understand the advantage of toiling while the winds and sky are favorable. In storing his provisions the chipmunk is far more careful than the red squirrel, and he is also more particular about furnishing his home. He selects the dry maple leaves or those of the plane tree and stuffs them carefully into his cheek pockets to carry them to his den. When he cannot find enough nuts or grain, this provident little housekeeper chooses something else.

We know of two chipmunks that were observed by a student of animals while they were gathering cherry pits from under a cherry tree near the student's house. As he preferred watching the workers to disturbing them, they grew more friendly and were full of joy at the unusual feast that they were laying up for themselves. They gathered the seeds of the sugar maple also, and, as many of the keys were yet on the trees, although the leaves were many, the chipmunks harvested them by running swiftly out on the ends of the small branches, reaching for the maple keys, snipping off the wings and deftly slipping the nut or samara into their cheek pockets.

A Handy Splice.

If you wish to splice a broken stick or prevent a piece of rope from unraveling at the ends, perhaps you could not do better than to use the contrivance shown in the accompanying picture. Any bright girl or boy can

easily make the splice with a piece of ordinary twine. The twine must, however, be long enough to permit of passing the loop several times over the end of the object to be spliced.



MAKING THE SPLICE.

To make the splice properly, place the ends of the twine along the object to be fixed, having them point in opposite directions, as you see them where marked No. 1 and No. 2 in the picture. Then hold the ends in place with the thumb of the left hand and, taking the twine in the right hand at the places marked No. 3 in the picture, wind it around the object to be spliced. When you have made as many turns about the stick or rope as you think necessary pull at the ends of the twine No. 1 and No. 2 till the splice is tight. You will find that you have made a very strong fastening that becomes tighter the harder you pull.

The lower sketch simply shows you how the splicing is done. In making the splice for use the wrappings should lie close together, with the ends of the twine cut short, as they show in the second sketch in the picture.

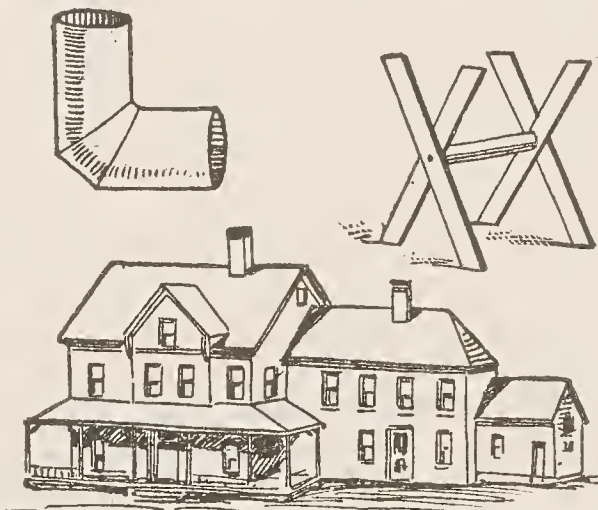


No. 219.—Riddles.

I.
'Tis the quarter of a pound;
'Tis a circle bright and round;
Men have lost their souls to gain it,
Some who had could not retain it,
Thousands die that one may win it,
Yet there's little comfort in it.
To conclude: When all is done,
Each of us possesses one.

II.
Come to these open arms "and rest
Thy weary head," not on "this breast,"
But on this back of mine,
Swayed by thy lightest touch at will,
The springs of all my being thrill,
To "have and hold" thee, calm and still;
So take me, I am thine.

No. 220.—Illustrated Puzzle.

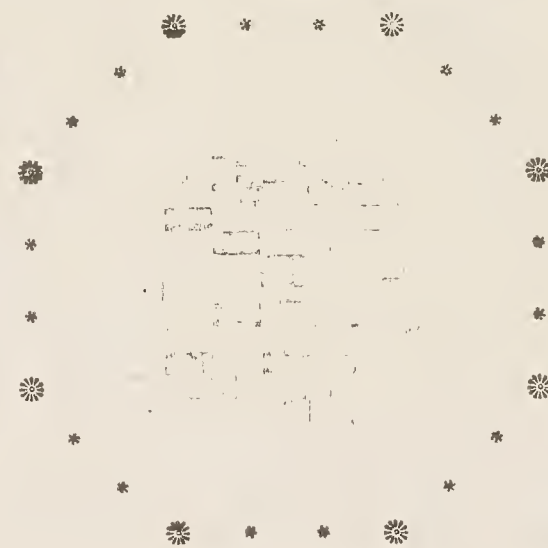


Find in the names of the above: 1. Part of a house. 2. A useful article in the woodshed. 3. A skilled rider. 4. To avoid.

No. 221.—Figuratively Expressed.

I was 1-2 tired of the 3-4-6-7 that a change seemed very desirable, 7-5-6 I hardly knew where to go. My friends told me of many a pleasant 1-4-6-5—so many, in fact, that it was still harder to decide. But I finally resolved to take up my abode where the 1-2-3-4-5-6-7 seemed most congenial.

No. 222.—An Octagon.



The upper horizontal, of four, "a bond of connection;" the next four to the right, "an Arabian prince;" the next four, "a perforated nozzle;" the fourth, of four, a nymph who, for love of Narcissus, pined away until nothing was left of her but her voice; the fifth, "a hideous giant of fairy tales who lived on human beings;" the sixth, "to engrave by means of some strong acid;" the seventh, "a case connected by hooks with the platen of a printing press, for guiding it in a horizontal position, and lifting it from the form;" the eighth, "the place where birds of prey construct their nests and rear their young."

No. 223.—Wonderful Changes.

I am the price of anything. Transpose me, and I am the native of a certain European country. Take away my head, and there will immediately appear a bed and a small house in which to put it; also a cover for the finger. Transpose this and have an abbreviation often seen in the date line of letters. Behead and have the abbreviation of a small sum of money.

Which Is the Boiled Egg?

Boil an egg hard. When quite cold, place it among a dozen or any number of others, "the more the merrier." Now ask your friends to tell you which is the boiled egg. This they will be unable to do from outward appearance. There is one way, however, beside that of "peeping at the inside," and that is by spinning them. Those that are unboiled and semiliquid inside will spin with a sort of waddling motion, while the boiled or solid egg will spin like a top, and even go to sleep.

Key to the Puzzler.

No. 213.—Enigma: A door.

No. 214.—Hidden Generals: Sherman, Lee, Stonewall Jackson, Sheridan, Grant, Hooker, Scott, Bragg, Early, Ewell, Hood, Beauregard, Longstreet, Price, Banks, Morgan, Butler.

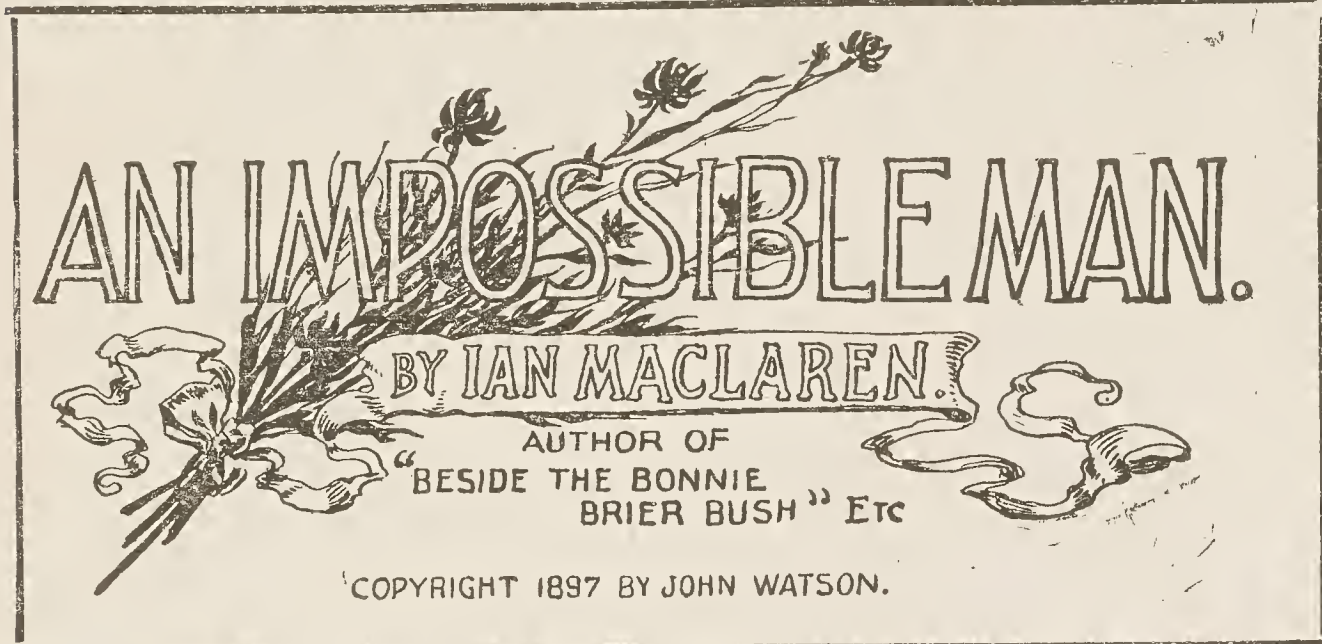
No. 215.—Geographical Acrostic: Lyons, Lucerne, Yare, Oakham, Naples, Sahara.

No. 216.—Charade: Grottesque. Groat—Eske.

No. 217.—Illustrated Primal Acrostic: 1. Turkey. 2. Yak. 3. Narwhal. 4. Dragon fly. 5. Alligator. 6. Lion. 7. Leopard. Initials: Tyndall.

No. 218.—Geographical Discoveries: Ca-Paris-on, in-Cuba-te, se-Crete-d, des-Troy-er, de-Man-d, ad-Jura-tion, ma-China-tion, cl-Andes-tine, pl-Ural-ity, c-Lima-x, mos-Quito-s.

FOR THE OLDER READERS.



CHAPTER I.

"We must have Trixy Marsden on the Thursday," for Mrs. Leslie was arranging two dinner parties. "She will be in her element that evening, but what are we to do with Mr. Marsden?"

"Isn't it rather the custom to invite a husband with his wife? He might even expect to be included," said John Leslie. "Do you know, I'm glad we came to Putney. Spring is lovely in the garden."

"Never mind spring just now," as Leslie threatened an exit to the lawn. "You might have some consideration for an afflicted hostess and give your mind to the Marsden problem."

"It was Marsden brought spring into my mind." And Leslie sat down with that expression of resignation on his face peculiar to husbands consulted on domestic affairs. "He was telling me this morning in the train that he had just finished a table of trees in the order of their budding, a sort of spring priority list. His love for statistics is amazing.

"He is getting to be known on the 9 train. The men keep their eyes on him and bolt into thirds to escape. He gave a morning on the influenza death rate lately, and that kind of thing spreads.

"But he's not a bad fellow for all that," concluded Leslie. "He's perfectly straight in business, and that is saying something. I rather enjoy half an hour with him."

"Very likely you do," said his wife with impatience, "because your mind has a squint and you get amusement out of odd people, but every one has not your taste for the tiresome. He is enough to devastate a dinner table. Do you remember that escapade of his last year?"

"You mean when he corrected you about the American passage and gave the sailings of the Atlantic liners since '80." And Leslie lay back to enjoy the past. "It seemed to me most instructive, and every one gave up conversation to listen."

"Because no one could do anything else with that voice booming through the room. I can still hear him, 'The Columbia, 6 days, 4 hours, 5 minutes.' Then I rose and delivered the table."

"It was only human to be a little nettled by his accuracy, but you ought not to have retreated so soon, for he gave the express trains of England a little later and hinted at the American lines. One might almost call such a memory genius."

"Which is often another name for id-

iocy. Some one was telling me yesterday that quiet, steady men rush out of the room at the sound of his voice and their wives have to tell all sorts of falsehoods."

"Trixy is one of my oldest and dearest friends, and it would be a shame to pass her over, but I will not have her husband on any account."

"Perhaps you are right as a hostess. It is a little hard for a frivolous circle to live up to Marsden, and I hear that he has got up the temperatures of the health resorts. It's a large subject and lends itself to detail."

"It will not be given in this house. What Trixy must endure with that man! He's simply possessed by a didactic devil and ought never to have married. Statistics don't amount to cruelty, I suppose, as a ground of divorce?"

"Hardly as yet. By and by incompatibility in politics or fiction will be admitted. But how do you know that Mrs. Marsden does not appreciate her husband? You never can tell what a woman



"Perhaps you are right as a hostess." sees in a man. Perhaps this woman hungers for statistics as a make weight. She is very amusing, but a trifle shallow, don't you think?"

"She used to be the brightest and most charming girl in our set, and I have always believed that she was married to Mr. Marsden by her people. Trixy has £600 a year settled on her, and they were afraid of fortune hunters. Mothers are apt to feel that a girl is safe with a man of the Marsden type and that nothing more can be desired."

"Perhaps they are not far wrong. Marsden is not a romantic figure, and he is scarcely what you would call a brilliant raconteur, but he serves his wife like a slave, and he will never give her a sore heart."

"Do you think it nothing, John, that a woman with ideals should be tied to a bore all her days? What a contrast between her brother and her husband, for instance! Godfrey is decidedly one of the most charming men I ever met."

"He has a nice tenor voice, I grant, and his drawing room comedies are very amusing. Of course no one believes a word he says, and I think that he has never got a discharge from his last bankruptcy. But you can't expect perfection. Character seems to oscillate between dullness and dishonesty."

"Don't talk nonsense for the sake of alliteration, John. Trixy's brother was never intended for business. He ought to have been a writer, and I know he was asked to join the staff of The Boom-eller. Happy thought! I'll ask him to come with his sister instead of Mr. Marsden."

And this was the note:

MY DEAR TRIXY—We are making up a dinner party for the evening of June 2, at 8 o'clock, and we simply cannot go on without you and Mr. Marsden. Write instantly to say you accept. It is an age since I've seen you, and my husband is absolutely devoted to Mr. Marsden. He was telling me only a minute ago that one reason why he goes by the 9 train is to get the benefit of your husband's conversation. With much love, yours affectionately,
FLORENCE LESLIE.

P. S.—It does seem a shame that Mr. Marsden should have to waste an evening on a set of stupid people, and if he can't tear himself from his books, then you will take home a scolding to him from me.

P. S.—If Mr. Marsden will not condescend, bring Godfrey to take care of you and tell him that we shall expect some music.

CHAPTER II.

"Come to this corner, Trixy, and let us have a quiet talk before the men arrive from the dining room. I hope your husband is duly grateful to me for allowing him off this social ordeal. Except perhaps John I don't think there is a person here fit to discuss things with him."

"Oh, Mr. Marsden does not care one straw whether they know his subjects or not so long as people will listen to him, and I'm sure he was quite eager to come, but I wanted Godfrey to have a little pleasure. I'm so sorry for poor Godfrey." And Mrs. Marsden settled herself down to confidences. "You know he lost all his money two years ago through no fault of his own. It was simply the stupidity of his partner, who was quite a common man and could not carry out Godfrey's plans.

"My husband might have helped the firm through its difficulty, but he was quite obstinate and very unkind also. He spoke as if Godfrey had been careless and lazy, when the poor fellow really injured his health and had to go to Brighton for two months to recruit."

"Yes, I remember," put in Mrs. Leslie. "We happened to be at the Metropole one week end, and Godfrey looked utterly jaded."

"You have no idea how much he suffered, Florrie, and how beautifully he bore the trial. Why, had it not been for me he would not have had money to pay his hotel bill, and that was a dreadful change for a man like him. He has always been very proud and much pet-

ted by people.

"The poor fellow has never been able to find a suitable post since, although he spends days in the city among his old friends, and I can see how it is telling on him. And—Florrie, I wouldn't mention it to any one except an old friend—Mr. Marsden has not made our house pleasant to poor Godfrey."

"You don't mean to say that he—reflects on his misfortunes."

"Doesn't he? It's simply disgusting what he will say at times. Only yesterday morning—this is absolutely between you and me; one must have some confidant—Godfrey made some remark in fun about the cut of Tom's coat. He will not go, you know, do what I like, to a proper tailor."

"Godfrey is certainly much better dressed," said Mrs. Leslie, "than either of our husbands."

"Perhaps it was that made Tom angry, but at any rate he said quite shortly, 'I can't afford to dress better,' and of course Godfrey knew what he meant. It was cruel in the circumstances, for many men spend far more on their clothes than Godfrey. He simply gives his mind to the matter and takes care of his things. He will spend any time selecting a color or getting a coat fitted."

"Is your brother quite—dependent on his friends, Trixy?"

"Yes, in the meantime, and that is the reason why we ought to be the more considerate. I wished to settle half my income on him, but it is only a third of what it used to be—something to do with investments has reduced it—and Mr. Marsden would not hear of such a thing. He allows Godfrey £100 a year, but that hardly keeps him in clothes and pocket money."

"Still, don't you think it's all Godfrey could expect?" And Mrs. Leslie was inclined for once to defend this abused man. "Few husbands would do as much for a brother-in-law."

"Oh, of course he does it for my sake, and he means to be kind. But, Florrie, Mr. Marsden is so careful and saving, always speaking as if we were poor and had to lay up for the future, while I know he has a large income and a sure business."

"Why, he would not leave that horrid street in Highbury, say what I could, and I owe it to Godfrey that we have come to Putney. When Tom went out to Alexandria, my brother simply took our present house and had it furnished in Mr. Marsden's name, and so when he came home from Alexandria we were established in the cottage."

"John is the best of husbands, but I dare not have changed our house in his absence." And Mrs. Leslie began to get new views on the situation. "Was Mr. Marsden not rather startled?"

"He was inclined to be angry with Godfrey, but I sent the boy off to Scarborough for a month, and he is never hasty to me, only tiresome—you can't imagine how tiresome."

"Is it the statistics?"

"Worse than that. He has begun the Reformation now and insists on reading from some stuffy old book every evening, Dumas' history, I think, till I wish there never had been such a thing and we were all Roman Catholics."

"Very likely he would have read

about the popes, then, or the saints. My dear girl, you don't wish to have your mind improved. You ought to be proud of your husband. Most men sleep after dinner with an evening paper in their hands and are quite cross if they're wakened. But there they come, and we must have Godfrey's last song."

CHAPTER III.

"Nurse will rise at 4 and bring you a nice cup of tea. Are you sure you will not weary, being alone for two hours?" And Mrs. Marsden, in charming outdoor dress, blew eau de cologne about the room. "Don't you love scent?"

"Where are you going?" asked Marsden, following her with fond eyes. "You told me yesterday, but I forget. This illness has made me stupider than ever, I think. Wasn't it some charity?"

"It's the new society every one is so interested in, the Working Wives' Culture union. What is wanted is happy homes for the workingmen," quoting freely from an elegant woman orator, "and the women must be elevated, so the East End is to be divided into districts, and two young women will be allotted to each. Are you listening?"

"Yes, dear, but it rests me to lie with my eyes closed. Tell me all about your society. What are the young ladies to do?"

"Oh, they're to visit the wives in the afternoon and read books to them, solid books, you know, about wages—all



"No. I insist on your going to Lady Gloucester's."

kinds of things workingmen like. Then in the evening the wives will be able to talk with their husbands on equal terms and the men will not want to go to the public houses. Isn't it a capital idea?"

A sad little smile touched Marsden's lips for an instant. "And where do you meet today? It's a long way for you to go to Whitechapel."

"Didn't I tell you? The Marchioness of Gloucester is giving a drawing room at her town house, and Lady Helen wrote an urgent note, insisting that I should come even though it were only for an hour, as her mother depended upon my advice so much."

"Of course I know that's just a way of putting it, but I have taken lots of trouble about founding the union, so I think it would hardly do for me to be absent. You're feeling much better, too, aren't you, today, Thomas?"

"Yes, much better. The pain has almost ceased. Perhaps it will be quite gone when you return. Can you spare just ten minutes to sit beside me? There is something I have been wanting to say, and perhaps this is my only chance.

When I am well again, I may—be afraid."

Mrs. Marsden sat down, wondering, and her husband waited a minute.

"One understands many things that puzzled him before when he lies in quietness for weeks and takes an after look. Yes, I suspected it at times, but I was a coward and put the thought away. It seemed curious that no one came to spend an hour with me, as men do with friends, and I noticed that they appeared to avoid me. I thought it was fancy, and that I had grown self-conscious."

"Everything is quite plain now, and I—am not hurt, dear, and I don't blame any person. That would be very wrong. People might have been far more impatient with me and might have made my life miserable."

"God gave me a dull mind and a slow tongue, it took me a long time to grasp anything, and no one cared about the subject that interested me. Beatrice, I wish now you had told me how I bored our friends. It would have been a kindness. But never mind that now. You did not like to give me pain."

"What troubles me most is that all these years you should have been tied to a very tiresome fellow." And Marsden made some poor attempt to smile. "Had I thought of what was before you I would never have asked you to marry me."

"Don't cry, dear! I did not wish to hurt you. I wanted to ask your pardon for all that martyrdom, and—to thank you for—being my wife, and there's something else."

"You see, when I get well and am not lying in bed maybe I could not tell you, so let me explain everything now, and then we need not speak about such things again."

"Perhaps you thought me too economical, but I was saving for a purpose. Your portion has not brought quite so much as it did, and I wished to make it up to you, and now you can have £600 a year, as before. If this illness had gone against me, you would have been quite comfortable—in money, I mean, dear."

"No. I insist on your going to Lady Gloucester's—the change will do you good—and I'll lie here digesting the Reformation, you know." And he smiled, better this time, quite creditably, in fact. "Will you give me a kiss just to keep till we meet again?"

When the nurse came down at 4 to take charge, she was horrified to find her patient alone and in the death agony, but conscious and able to speak.

"Don't ring—nor send for my wife. I sent—her away, knowing the end was near—made her go, in fact—against her will."

The nurse gave him brandy, and he became stronger for a minute.

"She has had a great deal to bear with me, and I—did not wish her to see death. My manner has always been so wearisome—I hoped that—nobody would be here. You are very kind, nurse. No more, if you please."

"Would it trouble you—to hold my hand, nurse? It's a little lonely—I am not afraid—a wayfaring man—though a fool—not err therein"—

He was not near so tedious with his dying as he had been with his living.

Very shortly afterward Thomas Marsden had done with statistics forever.

CHAPTER IV.

Three days later Leslie came home from the city with tidings on his face, and he told them to his wife when they were alone that night.

"Marsden's lawyer made an appointment after the funeral, and I had an hour with him. He has asked me to be a trustee with himself in Mrs. Marsden's settlement."

"I'm so glad! You must accept, for it will be such a comfort to poor Beatrice. But I thought Godfrey was her sole trustee."

"So he was," said Leslie grimly, "more's the pity, and he embezzled every penny of the funds—gambled them away in card playing and—other ways."

"Godfrey Harrison, Beatrice's brother?"

"Yes, her much admired, accomplished, ill used brother, the victim of her husband's stinginess."

"If that be true, then Godfrey is simply a"—

"You mean an unmitigated scoundrel. Quite so, Florence, and a number of other words we won't go over. I tell you," and Leslie sprang to his feet, "there is some use in swearing. If it had not been for one or two expressions that came to my memory suddenly today, I should have been ill. Curious to say, the lawyer seemed to enjoy them as much as myself, so it must be a bad case."

"But I don't understand—if Godfrey spent Trixy's money, how is there anything to manage? Did he pay it back?"

"No, he did not, and could not. He has not enough brains to earn 18 pence except by cheating, and if by chance he came into a fortune would grudge his sister a pound."

"Then"—

"Don't you begin to catch a glimpse of the facts? Why, Marsden toiled and scraped and in the end, so the doctors say, killed himself to replace the money, and he had just succeeded before his death."

"How good of him. But I don't see the necessity of all this secrecy on his part and all those stories about low interest that he told Trixy."

"There was no necessity. If it had been some of us, we would have let Mrs. Marsden know what kind of brother she had and ordered him out of the country on threat of the jail."

"It was Marsden's foolishness, let us call it, to spare his wife the disgrace of her idol and the loss of his company. So her husband was despised beside this precious rascal every day."

"Trixy will get a terrible shock when she is told. It would almost have been kinder to let her know the truth before he died."

"Mrs. Marsden is never to know," said Leslie. "That was his wish. She's just to be informed that new trustees have been appointed, and we are to take care that she does not waste her income on the fellow."

"People will send letters of condolence to Mrs. Marsden, but they will say at afternoon teas that it must be a great relief to her, and that it's quite beautiful to see her sorrow. In two years she will marry some well dressed

fool, and they will live on Marsden's money." And Leslie's voice had an unusual bitterness.

"Did you ever hear of another case like this, John?"

"Never. When old Parchment described Marsden giving him the instructions, he stopped suddenly."

"Marsden," he said, "was the biggest fool I ever came across in the course of 42 years' practice, and he went over to the window."

"And you?"

"I went to the fireplace. We were both so disgusted with the man that we could not speak for five minutes."

After a short while Mrs. Leslie said, "It appears to me that this slow, uninteresting man, whom every one counted a bore, was—almost a hero."

"Or altogether," replied John Leslie.

THE END.

His Musical Ear.

A youth at school in Scotland who lacked musical talent and whose voice consequently jarred during the singing lesson was always allowed a holiday on singing days. His mother, failing to divine the cause of her son's forced absence, paid a visit to the school to inquire into the matter. In answer to her query as to why her son was sent home on such occasions the teacher said, "Why, simply because he has no ear."

"What!" she exclaimed. "Nae ear? Did anybody ever hear the like o' that? Nae ear? Why, he has a lug like a saucer, mon!"—Exchange.

A Bear.

Miss Ricketts—It must have been perfectly dreadful to be a witness in court. Were you cross examined?

Miss Tenspot—Indeed I was. He was therossest lawyer I ever saw.—Detroit Free Press.

RUNNING AWAY.

The sky was clear, the stars were bright,

The grass was wet with dew,
When Johnny arose, put on his clothes,
And vowed what he would do.

"I'll leave my pa, I'll leave my ma,
I'll go from here to stay;
They used me rough—I've had enough—
And so I'll run away.

"I'll take my clothes, I'll take my all—
A slave I will not be;
I'll go out west, I'll do my best—
I'll strike for liberty!"

And Johnny started bravely out,
And said he'd ne'er return;
He said he'd go and make a show,
And let his genius burn.

He traveled all that summer night,
And bravely through the day.
"And then," said he, "I wish that we
Had never run away!"

"I'm weak and tired and sick," said he,
With sadness in his tone;
"It isn't best to go out west—
At least, to go alone!"

"And now I'm in a pretty fix,
And don't know what to do!"
And then he sighed and sobbed and
cried:

"Boo-hoo, boo-hoo, boo-hoo!"

The boy when found was taken home,
And was content to stay.

Said he: "I'm cured, and rest assured,
I'll never run away!"

Odd Things About Rainbows.

Did you ever see a rainbow in the west?

In discussing this curious question the Philadelphia Times gives some interesting facts in regard to a rainbow and how it is formed:

1. It is never seen except when the sun is shining in one part of the sky, and rain is falling in the other, or opposite, part.

2. It is generally seen in the east, because our showers come from the west and pass off toward the east.

3. It cannot be formed in the east except in the afternoon.

4. It cannot be formed in the west except in the morning.

5. It is never seen at midday, because the sun is then above us, and we cannot, therefore, stand between it and the rain.

Some of you may wonder why a rainbow is always semi-circular in shape. As a matter of fact, it is always a complete circle, but we cannot see but one-half of the circle, because the earth cuts off our view. If we were poised in the air, high above the earth, we could see it all. The circular shape is due to the fact that the raindrops are round and that each drop reflects but one color to our eyes. It may strike you as a strange thing, but it is true, that no two persons see the same bow. This is because no two persons can possibly occupy the same position, and thus the reflections fall differently upon their eyes.

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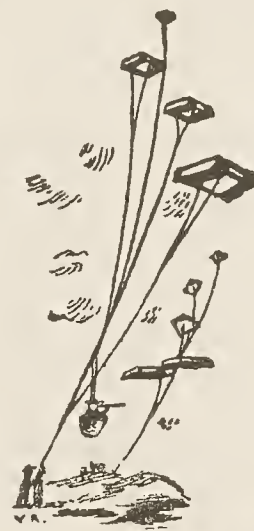
We are now GIVING AWAY

One or more sets of these wonderful views with directions for making them perform the real MOVEMENTS OF LIFE and cause a heap of laughter to each person who follows our rules. Each set gives nearly 100 simultaneous life movements just as in a very expensive kinetoscope. The four sets represent the wrestling gladiators, the Yellow Kid, the most realistic hit of all, also the Yankee Cop and the Funny Chinaman. Any set free if you send ten cents for 3-mos. trial subscription to our great paper for young and old, or the four and a yearly sub. for 35c. **REALM**, 97 Pembroke, Boston, Mass.



Kites Free.

Diagrams and full directions for making toy kites, the Eddy kite, and the wonderful Blue Hill Observatory box kite. Material costs little or nothing. The box kite will rise straight from the hand, and carry a camera into the clouds for photographing from high altitudes. Large ones used in war for making observations. Inventors now adopt the plan of the kite for new experiments in flying machines. You want to know all about them. Send 10c for trial subscription to our paper and receive these directions, with the history of the kite, free. **REALM**, Station A, Boston, Mass.





will be exchanged for postage and revenue stamps at their actual cash value.

The October Realm is to have an exceptionally large circulation among stamp collectors. We shall endeavor to fill the stamp-news columns to the brim with interesting matter. Some account of the great stamp business as carried on in large European and American cities will probably be given in this number. The advertising columns will be filled with great stamp bargains offered by leading dealers. Advertising forms for this special edition will close on the 25th of September.

PERIODICAL STAMP SALE.

COLLECTORS and dealers are overjoyed to learn that the government is thinking seriously of selling, at a nominal price, the immense stock of newspaper and periodical stamps which are no longer to be used by the department. The third-assistant postmaster-general has issued the following order instructing postmasters to return all unused periodicals in stock. It reads: "The department will probably soon make arrangements to sell to collectors or other persons who may desire them, the newspaper, and periodical and newspaper stamps to be sent here under this order, but no assurance as to this can now be positively given. As soon, however as the matter is determined upon, public announcement of it will be officially made.

As the government needs the revenue and collectors are persistent in their demands to have the stamps put on public sale there is little doubt but that the department will be glad to dispose of the stamps in this way. Of course there will be a great rush for the stamps, and it will not be many hours after the stamps have been put on sale before the entire lot will have disappeared.

FAKED LOCALS.

Some unscrupulous party, not long ago, got out an issue of local express stamps which, he claimed, were in use between Dawson City and a sea-coast town. His attempt to sell the labels to dealers was unsuccessful; but no doubt many a collector, who believes everybody to be honest, and every stamp with gum on the back to be genuine, will get taken in by this evasive species of green-goods by purchasing a set for his own collection, or by speculating in several sets to await a "rise in price," which, sad to say, will never come.

REVENUE NOTES.

Errors in the surcharged issue of revenues are reported every few days. R. I. instead of I. R. is the latest discovery. Sometimes the surcharge gets tipped up-side down on an entire sheet. The stamps bring a fancy price on account of this mistake. The size of type for printing the initials also varies, producing other varieties. Of the two, the 1c surcharged

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The above 3 collections, 50 cents, post free.

NO 4 Contains 54 larger specimens, including Opalized Wood, Rhodonite, Zincite, &c., &c. A fine collection. Price \$1.50, or given for 6 yearly subscribers.

SHELLS From the West Indies. Beautiful assortment, per box, only 20 cents, or free with Realm 1 yr., for 35 cents and 3 cents extra to help pay postage.

revenue is scarcer than the 2c, and we advise collectors to procure what they can of these stamps, with or without errors, as the number issued has been limited.

How much longer the revenues will be in use is an open question. Possibly they will be discontinued the first day of next January. As the government realizes a revenue of one million dollars a day by means of the tax, the expense of the war will soon be paid and there will be no need of further contributions to the treasury.

Although a great many million revenue stamps have been used, few have thus far found their way into the hands of collectors. After the tax has been repealed we shall see more of the cancelled stamps than at present, but certain values are likely to be scarce and bring good prices as will be seen by next year's catalogue.

Mr. Henry J. Crocker owns the finest collection on the Pacific Coast. His Hawaiian Islands are alone worth \$12,000, and the United States Catalogue at about \$22,000.

The English people have been startled by the discovery made by a noted philatelist of counterfeits of the 1sh., green, plate 5, which were in use 26 years ago, and which have never before been detected. It is now believed that the counterfeits were used largely, judging from the number of specimens which have since been found, and that the government has lost thousands of dollars by means of the fraud. The counterfeit is an almost perfect imitation of the original.

Large quantities of obsolete Finland stamps are offered for sale to the highest bidder by the government of Finland.

Some months ago, when it was discovered that counterfeits of the 2c current issue United States stamps were in circulation, the government secured a large quantity of them to be sent to the leading post-offices, where they might be used for comparison, and where they are still to be found. The best collections of genuine specimens of obsolete United States stamps are also in the possession of the post-office department, and mounted in frames adorn the walls of the government buildings in Washington and elsewhere.

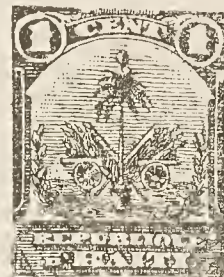
The change of color of the 1/2c documentary revenue has created quite a demand for the orange specimens, but 3c is a fair price to charge for the stamps, as they are not likely to become rare very soon. The new 1/2c is printed in slate.

The thirteenth annual convention of the American Philatelic Association was held in New York on the 23d and 24th of August. About fifty of the leading philatelists of the country were present. The membership of the association is at present 713.

There is talk of a federation of the Australian colonies. It would result in the use of a single set of stamps for Victoria, Tasmania, the Australias and New So. Wales. No date is set for the change, however, and it may come in the dim future,—but it is only a matter of time, we believe.

We notice the advertisement of a Kansas farm of 320 acres, valued at \$5,000, which

The illustration represents a new set of stamps for Hayti. The stamps are of native production and poorly lithographed.



The following stamps are in demand and most dealers are willing to pay, in exchange value, the following prices.

	Per 100.
Canada Jubilee, 3c.....	25
Canada 1898, 4 oak leaves.	
1c.....	.10
2c.....	.10
3c.....	.05
Do. 2 oak leaves.	
2c.....	.06
U. S. Omaha Issue.	
1c.....	.12
2c.....	.04
4c.....	.60
5c.....	.60
8c.....	1.00
10c.....	.60
1.00.....	50.00
2.00.....	50.00
U. S. 1898 Revenues.	
Low values.....	.08



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No.	Stamp Description	Actually Worth.
1	*Argentine 1/2c green	.02
2	Belgium Postal Packet 50c	.02
3	" " " 80c	.03
4	*Costa Rica 20c green	.04
5	*Constantinople 20p green	.02
6	*Cuba '74 25c blue	.03
7	" " '78 25c green	.03
8	" " '79 25c	.03
9	" " '80 25c blue	.03
10	" " '81 5c blue	.03
11	*Greece unpaid 11	.02
12	Greece Olympic Games 11	.02
13	Japan 4s orange	.02
14	Japan 8s mauve	.03
15	Mexican Revenue, tobacco	.05
16	*Obock, red and black	.03
17	Peru 5c orange	.02
18	" " 5c blue new	.02
19	" " 1c " "	.03
20	*Philippinas 1m grey	.02
21	" " 1m blue	.02
22	" " 5m Violet	.02
23	*Sardinia 40 red	.03
24	Sweden official 10 o	.02
25	*Venezuela 5c green	.02

Order by the number at the left only. Send at ONCE as stamps are limited. * means unused.

R. HILL STAMP COMPANY,
Box 87, Station A, Boston, Mass.

To give some idea of the value of the three desirable Jubilee stamps, unused, of Canada, we quote the following prices asked by a reputable dealer of Washington for these unused specimens— $\frac{1}{2}$ c, 25c; 6c, 50c; 8c, 15c.

A despatch dated August 23d announces that Jamaica is preparing a petition to the British parliament requesting permission to hold a plebiscite on the question of annexation to the United States.

CANADIAN POSTAL CHANGES.

The following amendments to the post office act of the Dominion of Canada are announced in the last quarterly supplement to the Canadian official postal guide:

Power was given to the Postmaster General to establish a system of special delivery for letters of an urgent nature, and arrangements have been made for establishing such special



delivery in the cities of Victoria, Vancouver, Brantford, London, Hamilton, Toronto, Kingston, Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec, St. John, Fredericton, and Halifax. To be entitled to special (that is, immediate delivery by letter carrier or special messenger), a letter must bear a "special delivery" stamp of 10c in addition to the ordinary postage. Such stamps are obtainable at all Post Offices in Canada. Postmasters will make requisition for them in the same manner as they do for ordinary stamps, using the present forms until amended ones are supplied.

October next it is intended to discontinue wholly the redemption of postage stamps by the department. It will, therefore, be in the interest of persons who have been in the habit of receiving stamps in change not to accept them in future in larger quantity than they may require for their own correspondence.

The department will hereafter issue Postal Notes. This is a simpler and cheaper form of Money Order designed for the transmission of sums not exceeding five dollars. The introduction of postal notes will materially diminish the necessity which may heretofore have existed for the use of postage stamps as currency.

Mails are dispatched regularly twice a month from Victoria, B. C., to Dawson City and the Klondike.

The regulation contained in the Postal Guide page xxi, prohibiting the sale of postage stamps and post cards at less or more than their face value is not held to apply to post cards issued by the department upon which, in accordance with the provisions of section 1 page vii, illustrations, etc., increasing the value of the card have been placed. These may be sold at a price above their face value.

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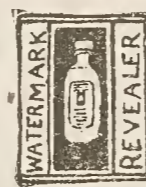
For agents and stamp dealers. 11 by 19 inches. Large, heavy letters. Stiff paper, 6c, post free. Cardboard, 12c, post free. Contain following words: "Rare stamps for sale."

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Giving list of documents etc. upon which the stamps of various denominations are affixed. A guide to the finding of rare revenues. Correct wording of the Revenue Bill. Stamp collectors and others need this valuable book. Others sell book no better for 15c.

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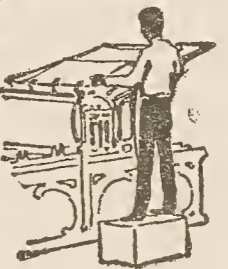
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